

the Native Voice

FICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

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VANCOUVER, B.C., FEBRUARY, 1952

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Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto His Divine Mercy the late Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Monarch, George VI . . . Let us humbly beseech Almighty God to bless with long life, health, and honor, and all worldly happiness, the Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Excellent Monarch, our Sovereign Lady, Elizabeth II . . . God save the Queen!

The Long House False Face Society

By C. N. A. IRESON

SECRET societies flourished in all civilizations, ancient and modern, exerting a powerful influence. Some modern secret societies claim great antiquity but the white man's fraternal organizations are but babes compared with the societies of the oldest race on earth, the Red Indians. Their societies date back to the obscure mists of the beginning of man.



IROQUOIS false face made of woven corn husks.

World Traveler Visits Burtons

By VIRGINIA MORRIS
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Speaking of travel, Jimalee and Dan Burton (quite some travelers themselves) had a weekend guest who is really a world traveler and has lived in many parts of the world . . . she is Miss Elma Pratt, who heads the International School of Art in New York City.

She stopped by for her visit with the Burtons on the way home from a vacation in Texas on a ranch, where she found rattle snake hunting a novelty quite different from anything she has experienced any place else. About March 1 she will take off for a tour of Arabia.

She does silk-screen prints of scenes in the different places she visits which are sought by school and public libraries, and also has a collection of art and artifacts of each country which is of museum caliber.

She's lived in Italy, Switzerland,

The Mediwiwin Medicine Society of the Algonkian people was a very strong organization in the old days and still exists in the northeast today, its mysterious secrets never fathomed by the white man.

Amongst the Iroquois survives the powerful False Face Society which exerts an influence on the lives of the people of the Long House. Members of this organization wear grotesque masks carved out of wood which are endowed with mysterious powers such as the ability to cure diseases. Each false face is carved out of a tree, the replica of some supernatural creature the member saw in a dream. This explains the great variety of weird faces in use. Masks, however, could also be purchased. The most ancient are the large ones such as shown in my photo. The modern ones are much smaller. In the spring and fall the False Face people visit the homes of the Long House people where they perform their secret rites, shake the turtle rattle and chant the secret chants which drive away diseases and bad spirits. The ashes are taken from the old fire in the stove and sprinkled on the heads of the occupants of the house who are honored by the visit. A new fire is then kindled with appropriate ceremony.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the False Faces must be given presents such as tobacco, otherwise the diseases they can cure or keep away can also be given.

In olden times the society travelled by canoe or on foot, but today it travels in modern motor cars performing its most ancient rites in the heart of the most modernized parts of Canada and the U.S.A.

I do not pretend to know too much about the False Faces but have some acquaintances who belong to them and who kindly allowed me to photograph some of the masks which are shown in the photos with this brief article. The large wooden mask is an ancient one. The smaller one is made of corn husks and has something to do with the corn ceremony practiced by these agricultural people.

Dr. Leechman of the National Museum of Ottawa, produced an academic award movie (*The Loon's*



LARGE wooden specimen
an Indian false face.

Necklace) based on the masks the British Columbia Indians could find material for another good movie in the masks of "Long House False Face" and the legends of long nose twisted mouth.

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Singer Of The Dawn

the memory of the Indian
gates, Mrs. Henry A. Brant,
Kajeje Johsta)
way is brighter than you passed
along—
the flowers and trees awake to
your kind eyes
bright minstrels to the Greater
Song
sounding clear and stately to
the skies!

way you passed will never be
the same;
in nook and cranny, flower or
woodland dell,
softly share the beauty of
your name
make of these your perfumed
immortelle.

"Johsta," singer in the dawn,
of the dawn of better things
to be,
song, well sung, is ended—
and you've gone
leave the world your priceless
legacy.

faithful love, performed at
length and well;
sacred trust inspiring without
cease,
calling sweetly like the Poets'
Bell
on the hill where grows The
Tree of Peace!

CHARLES ANDREW TUPPER
Boro, Ontario.

Sirs:
enjoyed Artie Phair's first and
"of July celebration in the
edition of Native Voice. I
many of them at Lillooet
nineties when young. I at
school in Lillooet when a

R. D. CUMMING.

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Native Brotherhood Convention to Open March 14th at Alert Bay

The twenty-second convention of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, expected to be the biggest in the history of the organization, will open March 14 in Alert Bay, with the Nimpkish Band hosting the delegates, according to president Chief William Scow.

From the viewpoint of the Native people of the province, this will be an extremely important convention with a wide range of policy matters on the agenda.



THIS PICTURE PROVIDES a testimonial to the exemplary behaviour of the Indian people while having a glass of beer in a parlor at Williams Lake. The picture and added proof were sent down by Native Brotherhood vice-president Thomas Squinas.

AT WILLIAMS LAKE

Beer Parlor Operators Confirm Good Behaviour

Signed statements attesting to the fact that Natives consuming beer on licensed premises at Williams Lake have conducted themselves in a highly respectable fashion have been forwarded to The Native Voice by Brotherhood vice-president for the Anahim Lake District, Thomas Squinas.

Mr. Squinas paid a special visit to Williams Lake in mid-January to get his facts.

A testimonial from B. J. "Benny" Abbott of the Maple Leaf Hotel states that, "One month to this day has elapsed since the Indians were permitted to drink beer on the licensed premises. I have found them quite willing to obey instructions as to behaviour. They are

courteous and appreciate their rightfulness to be treated as man

It has been eight years since a regular convention has been held in Alert Bay, and because of its central location, it is expected that the turnout will be large.

It is reported that the annual meeting of the Native Vessel Owners Association of B.C. will be held about the same time, since many of the Vessel Owner members are also likely to be delegates to the Brotherhood convention.

In addition to Native Brotherhood delegates, there is expected to be a number of visitors and fraternal delegates from many organizations and from the government.

and womankind."

A similar statement from the operators of the Ranch Hotel declares that, "With regard to the Indian question and the recent change in the laws giving them privileges under the Liquor Laws to enable them to patronize beer parlors the same as other races. During the past month, the operators and employees of the Ranch Hotel have found them to be good customers and citizens and during the month have found the premises just as orderly as they have been in the past. We extend a cordial welcome to all Indian peoples to come and enjoy their glass of cheer in our parlors at all times."

WORTHY OF ALL RIGHTS

Mr. Squinas concludes his letter to The Native Voice by stating that, "I am very gratified at this good behaviour, as I am sure that this continued good behaviour will prove to everyone that our Native Indians are worthy of all the rights and privileges accorded to a full citizen of Canada."

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United Policies, Action Will Win For BC Natives

THE TWENTY-SECOND convention of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia to be held in March at Alert Bay, will have many subjects to consider and may important decisions to make. The effectiveness of the policies worked out will depend, as always, on the unity and strength of the organization of the Native people of this province.

Looking back, convention delegates will see considerable progress—slow, painstaking progress it is certain—but pro-

gress nonetheless.

There is the provincial vote, family allowance, old age pensions, the right to enter beer parlours, and most recently the right to sit on juries at assizes in British Columbia.

That last right, important as it is, shows the snail's pace of progress, for it was granted in Ceylon back in the 18th century.

Yes, the way for the Native in this country has been slow, but it is also necessary to record that more advances have been made since 1944 than in all the years from 1867 to that date, and the credit must go firstly to the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia, the fighting arm of the Native people in this province.

The NATIVE VOICE has also, during the last few years arrived on the scene to give expression to the demands of Natives in Canada, and particularly to those affecting Natives of this province.

The Native Brotherhood and Sisterhood and THE NATIVE VOICE make a strong team and the continued strength and support for each will be reflected in the growth in strength and influence of the others.

The president and executive members of the Brotherhood and Sisterhood have worked hard to further the freedom and economic security of the Native people. THE NATIVE VOICE has also done its part.

We must act on our problems as one solid, completely united body. Unity has brought success to many of the Brotherhood's past efforts and has permitted us to show leadership to the Natives in other parts of Canada. Natives of B.C. will continue to lead the way.

FUNERAL ORATION ON PASSING OF GREAT MOHAWK PRINCESS

ELEGY: Funeral Oration for the burial of Kajeje Yohsta, Mrs. Henry A. Brant, Tyendinaga Mohawk Reserve, Desoronto, Ontario, delivered by "White Eagle," Pine Tree Chief Wallace Havelock Robb of Abbey Dawn, at the beginning of the English Church service. She was buried in the churchyard, from All Saints Church, Feb. 14, 1952.

There is but one God: The Great Creator; and His name in Mohawk was so holy before the Whiteman came, that the Mohawks spoke it only on solemn occasions—Ha-wen-ne-yoh, The Great Spirit.

Ha-wen-ne-yoh!
Hear us!

Incense, now, to pray!

O Beautiful Omen
Of a Better Redman Day!
Omen of lofty beauty
And herald of more kindly Whiteman leaven!
Hath not this Mohawk woman,
Lifelong, crawled on her very hands and knees to duty—
Half way to Heaven?

O Great Spirit!
Hear us!

Incense to pray!
Hear us, Ha-wen-ne-yoh!
Hear us, the Redman way!

Holy, holy, holy, incense to pray!

Ha-wen-ne-yoh!
Hear us!

Beloved Kajeje Yohsta!
Turtle and Princess Keeper of the Mohawk Light,
Yea, and poet kindler of compassion—
The newer light more kindly in the Whiteman Soul—
Well hast thou served thy people.

Kajeje Yohsta!
O Voice of Daily Supplication
For the birthright of thy people
In this land!

O Mohawk Vestal!
Now, thin heart, bled white, lies low;
And, verily, we come to bury thee.
O Heart of Passion for Thy People,
Bleed thou, then, no more.

Kajeje Yohsta! "Garlanding the Flowers!"
Lo! Beloved! 'Tis the hour
Of dark before the dawning,
Gon-gwe-day-nay, "In the spring."

Gon-gwe-day-nay—"In the spring."
Gon-gwe-day—"Spring."
Ga-ron-dah-no-nay—"The Little Keepers of the Trees," repaticas, the May-flowers, among first flowers of spring.
Dekanaweda—Founder of the League of Peace, the Five (later the Six) Nations, and Planter of the Peace Tree, born on the Kente (Bay of Quinte).
A Myriad Light of Love—in an unspoiled eastern woodland in spring. "The

EXPLANATORY NOTES

"Little Keepers of the Trees" create a carpet of mauve light. Mohawk Princess—Princess is a Redman title sometimes given in courtesy, but often abused by the Whiteman, just publicity nonsense. But Kajeje Yohsta was, indeed, a Royal Turtle (the ruling clan in the Mohawks); a Princess descended directly from King Hendrick and Joseph Brant; she was one of the Yoh-de-yaner, a Mother of the Tribes, and had a seat and voice in the Longhouse, at Brantford, like a Senator in Washington. Her place in Canadian history is assured.

—W. H. R. R.R. 1, Kingston, Ontario, Can.

Blackfeet Win Top Art Awards

Pupils from the Blackfeet Indians showed the best artistic talent in Alberta recently, when they won five of the six top prizes offered by the Alberta Tuberculosis Association. A total of \$100 was awarded to Indian schools featuring the best TB posters.

First prize winners were: Edna Yellow Horn, Janet Bassan and Francis Smith from Sacred Heart School on the Little Peigan Reserve; Margaret Dagger and Gilbert Crowe from St. Mary's School on the Blood Reserve; and Helen Cardinal of Blue Quills Indian School at St. Paul. The contest was open to Indian students throughout the province.

HUGH DEMPSEY.

Woman Works among Indians

Calgary.—There are some 15,000 Indians in Alberta and the Northern Territories, and Willa Broderick, a soft-spoken, attractive grey-haired woman, hopes to meet many of them.

Miss Broderick realizes the amount will be hard to fulfill but, the Department of Indian Affairs' first welfare worker in Alberta and the Territories, she will cover thousands of miles annually visiting large reserves and small communities.

Miss Broderick will teach the Indians, particularly the younger people, some of the ways of the white man. It is hoped they will find it easier to assimilate into society.

She will organize home-making classes, discussion groups and other means to bring home to the Indians how to get along as individuals in another society.

Miss Broderick explains the idea this way:

"There are a great many things in our way of life entirely unsuited to the Indians. It's unwise to make them accept these. And Indians have many things in their culture worth perpetuating."

Miss Broderick has spent six years as home economics teacher among Indians in Ontario and was with the British Columbia Welfare Department.

"Stony" Family Circus

A family from the Stony tribe Morley, Alberta, have been seen by the Billy Smart Circus from Great Britain to take part in their show.

The group includes Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bearspaw and children, and Mrs. Eli Rider and children, and Banff cowboy Jerry Campbell.

The Stonies will dress in tribal costumes and live in tepees during their Great Britain tour of the circus and will show the overseas public some of the customs, songs and dances of the Indians.

Negotiations originally had been made with the One Spot family of Sarkees, but final choice was from the Stony Reserve.

Tribute To A Mohawk Chief

By LAURA LINTON

GAREWAGAYON is dead, and all men across Canada mourn his passing. Dr. Charles Jefferys has known many honors during his lifetime, but he often said that the greatest of them all as far as he was concerned was to be given the name Garewagayon, and be made a Chief of the Mohawks.

Garewagayon will go down in the annals of Canadian history as being our greatest military historian. Not only could he write but he was an artist of great merit as well. He drew more than two thousand Canadian historic pictures, including his masterpieces on the Chesapeake and Shannon

and the naval battles of the War of 1812.

He was a great man on detail and would go to any amount of trouble to verify the minutest object, thus making himself an outstanding authority on the history of fortifications, uniforms, weapons, etc.

He had the deepest respect for the Mohawks' strategic fighting qualities. They put the fear of the tomahawk into the Algonquin, Huron, British, French and Dutch over the vast territory ranging from the St. Lawrence River to Hudson Bay and south to Georgian Bay. It was his deep belief that Canada being the home of the Five Nations of the Iroquois was the fact of the greatest importance, and he felt very strongly on the subject.

Once he said, "Here we have five whole nations transplanted from their original hunting grounds and coming to live in Ontario. They came voluntarily to settle on the Grand River. We robbed them of their lands and left them to eke out an existence on a reserve."

Charles Jefferys founded the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto; he had the honor of illustrating Canada's two most monumental historical works "The Makers of Canada" and "The Chronicles of Canada." He did the murals for the Royal Ontario Museum, the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay, and the Chateau Laurier at Ottawa. He was a Doctor of Laws of Queen's University and a full Academician of the Royal Canadian Academy.

Yet, with all these honors, his friends would hear him mention only one, and often would he say "And I'm a Mohawk Chief. Imagine that!" In the cavalcade of history we know he will be remembered as a great Canadian.

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We are given to understand that

Chief Billy Assu of Cape Mudge

By MILDRED VALLEY THORNTON

IN HIS family circle, "Billy Assu" is spoken of as "the old man," but this is not a derogatory term from the lips of Indians. They speak of "the old man" or "the old woman" with affection and deep respect. To the Indians, age has always meant experience and wisdom. All tribes listened with profound attention when the old ones spoke.

Chief William Assu of Cape Mudge is one of the grand old men of the Kwakiutl tribe of Indians. He is over eighty years of age, but you would never think it to look at his tall (6 ft. 2 in.) erect figure, heavy dark hair and snapping black eyes. During his lifetime he has witnessed a dramatic transition from the old to an entirely different way of life, and has marched resolutely in step with the times.

Eighty years ago, Coast Indians lived according to the old tradition. They led a carefree, colorful existence, honoring old customs which had been observed for countless generations.

When Billy Assu was a baby his father gave a potlatch to bestow upon him his first name, "Ya-kin-ak-was" which means "gives a guest a blanket."

When he became a youth of fourteen, his father gave a still bigger potlatch and he was given another name, Ma-ma-sa-ka-mi, "giving away lots of things." In due course, when he had grown to manhood, he gave a potlatch himself and took a new name, Ya-ko-klas, "giving away plenty of things," and later at still another potlatch he took still an-

other name, Pa-sa-la, which meant simply "giving away."

The chief estimates that during his lifetime he gave several hundred small potlatches and two very large ones. For the big affairs, he called people from Victoria, Duncan, Nanaimo, Comox and Campbell River.

Strapping Figure

At eighteen, Billy Assu was a fine strapping figure of a man, weighing 212 pounds. Every morning upon rising he bathed by plunging into the cold waters of a spring behind the house. In winter he broke the ice to bathe. The cold water made him strong, he said. Then he would start out before sunrise to hunt.

One day, after a long tramp, he shot a 220 pound deer at 9:30 in the morning and tramped till 3:30 in the afternoon carrying it home to camp on his back. After a good meal, he could have done it all over again and thought nothing of it.

At the end of the fishing season each year, the chief declares he is going to retire and rest from his

labor, but when spring comes and the Indians begin to ready their boats, he is right in there pitching with the rest of them, eager and ready to start.

Four Fine Sons

Chief Assu has four fine sons, all of whom are sea captains. Dan, the eldest, is a director of the Native Brotherhood, and owner of two large seine boats. Harry has his own boat also. Thomas and Frank have had charge of boats for the big fish companies. Frank Assu was for some years president of the North American Indian Brotherhood. His daughter was married from our home a few years ago.

The chief has always been a hard worker. He gave each of his sons a good start in life. He built them homes and gave them gas boats.

Billy Assu belongs to the eagle clan. His mother was an "eagle," and his father a "wolf." Among his people the matriarchal system prevailed—always a son took his mother's crest. As the chief put it, "Don't care much for father's side, more care for mother's."

Wa-Kai First at Cape

Speaking of old Indian beliefs, the chief told me that in the beginning Father Wa-Kai was the first man at Cape Mudge. He was there before the flood. Wa-Kai was known all over B.C. He predicted there was going to be a flood, and made a great cedar rope which stretched from the top of a high mountain to the sea. He invited other tribes as well as his own to tie behind his canoe as the whole world would be flooded and there would be terrific currents. Many of them did so and were saved. Some drifted hundreds of miles away in their canoes, and it is claimed today their descendants still speak the same language like the people of Salmon River, Green Point Rapids, Cape Mudge and Phillips Arm.

Never Attacked

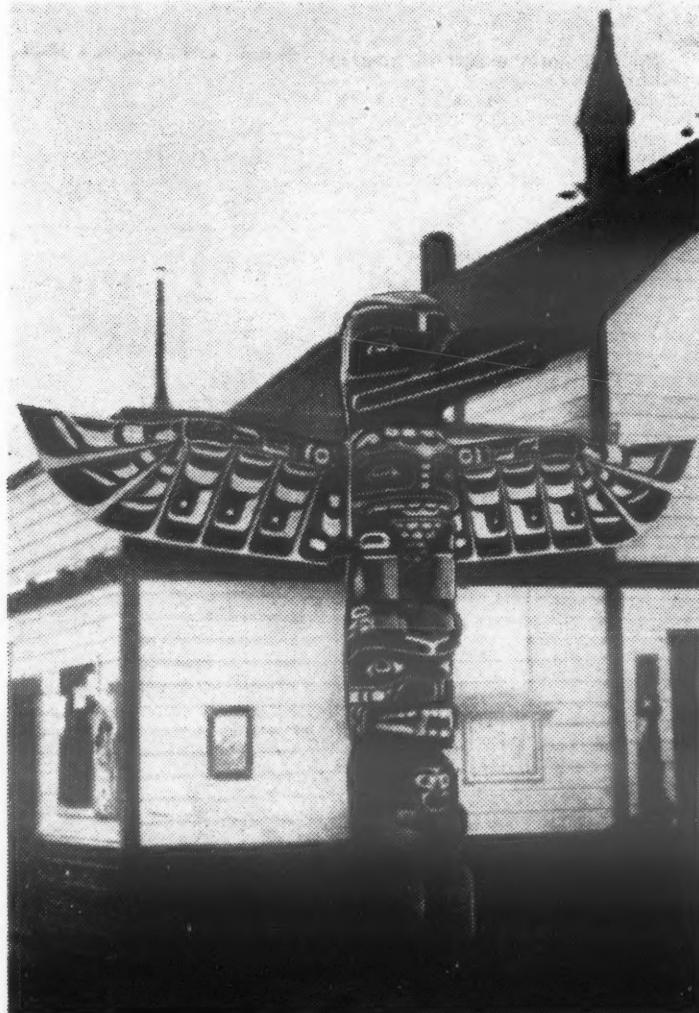
Wa-Kai boasted that he was at the head of the most powerful tribe in the world as he had acquired all the important crests. He had many wives to prove his supremacy, having married many times to gain their crests, as additional crests could only be obtained through marriage. He would be married for a certain length of time, then give a great potlatch to get his freedom, or divorce as we would call it, then marry again into a recognized nation. With each wife he would receive her slaves along with her crests. It was all part of her dowry.



CHIEF

It is said that Wa-Kai never attacked other tribes, and always who attacked him. In the fierce Haidas never attacked him. He always went through John night to safeguard both made his own laws for area, and had patrols the Straits to watch for fires were ever allowed.

When every Indian had to take strenuous to keep fit. That was of Wa-kai. There were six tribes, each with its own chose only outstanding clared that even if they come against him they compete with him. "Many so and had failed."



A Kwakiutl Thunderbird stretches its pinions uncomfortably as civilization closes in at Alert Bay.

RADIO PROGRAM DEDICATED TO

Radio Commentator Claire Wallace in her "Notebook" of Thornton of Vancouver, author of the article on this page. Mildred Valley Thornton is doing so Canadian history—Indian life on the West coast. Mildred is so proud of her, so I dedicate this program to them both.

The program was one sponsored by the Associated Salin

Grand Old Man of the Kwakiutl



CHIEF ASSU

Wa-ka-sie
chief Assu used to have two big totem poles in front of his own house. These were carved by Johnny Kla-wa-chi and painted with natural colors. The chief told him the different crests to put on the poles and saw that it was done

Carving

In the old days, it often took several months to carve and paint an elaborate totem pole. When the tools used were stone and chisels. One skilled artist would be in charge of the job with two or three helpers. They were made much more quickly when the Indians acquired European men's tools. Paints used to be made from different colored natural minerals and oxides mixed with fish oil. These paints were exchanged in barter among the various tribes. There were

MORRISON

Her program to Mildred Valley at the dedication, that "... through the portant and romantic period of her delightful warm-hearted woman, has a marvellous husband who

also finer paints which were smeared on their faces for dancing and in war.

Totem poles were carved outside in the summer, but the carving of head masks was different. These belonged to a higher class, and must be made secretly. There were many secret ceremonies that the laity knew nothing about.

One of the crests on the chief's pole was the whale. This denotes that he was of high standing. No other tribe could harm him because the whale is a very powerful creature. At the top of his pole was the legendary bird, Hoh-hok, who was supposed to have been the daughter of the great Raven, the Creator of the World. All tribes had mythical ancestors who had supernatural powers. Indians claim that what their ancestors did thousands of years ago, they have done in imitation to perpetuate the legends. They carried on their history this way.

There is much to be said for the old system. It was a great stimulus to individual enterprise. Every person had to earn his own standing. There was a constant struggle to maintain eminence of position. If a man should flag in his efforts and not continue to give potlatches he would lose prestige immediately.

3000 at Potlatch

When Chief Assu gave a potlatch he would exhibit all his crests through dancing and singing. At one time he called 16 tribes, with over 3000 people, and was host to them for three weeks. His great house, 300 feet long by 100 feet wide and 50 feet high, was bursting with food and things to be given away, including many gold and silver bracelets and 6000 blankets. This was about 50 years ago.

"Indians just like white man," says the chief, "like to give a big party."

There used to be twelve great potlatch houses at Cape Mudge.

Only three symbolic figures fronting the sea in lonely retrospect remain as mute memorials of past splendour. There is great individuality on their faces as they stand there singing the potlatch song.

The Chief said, "In the old days everybody helped to build a house — no pay anybody—just give dinner, that's all." There were no nails in the house. The boards were fastened together with cedar ropes. They could be quickly taken down and moved to another location on the big canoes if desired.

Cape Mudge is on Quadra Island, directly opposite Campbell River on Discovery Passage. In the old days people at Cape Mudge were called We-all-cum. Campbell River people were called Wi-will-cum.

Ceremonies of the Kwakiutl have intrigued the imagination of research workers for many years. Hundreds of their songs have been recorded by Dr. Marius Barbeau, Frances Densmore and others. Frances Densmore, world authority on Indian music, who has recorded 3000 of their songs during the past fifty years, visited B.C. tribes nearly twenty years ago and found that very little authentic material was available even then. All memory of the real old native songs had vanished.

Old Customs Change

All the old customs changed suddenly with the coming of Christianity. When the United Church came to Cape Mudge, Billy Assu listened, observed, and did some deep thinking.

He was not the sort of man to take half measures. His shrewd mind foresaw the coming changes, and when he made a break with the past it was a clean and swift one. The old potlatch houses were torn down. The chief tells how he put chains around his own great house, hitched it to a donkey engine, and pulled it out to sea.

A scow load of the Indians' prized possessions, totem poles, regalia, rattles, masks, etc., was towed

away and sent to the National Museum at Ottawa. To be sure, they were paid for these goods, but no amount of money could buy them today. Indians who visit Ottawa view them with mingled emotions.

The first mission house at Cape Mudge was erected in 1892. Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Scott arrived at the village in 1919, right in the midst of the period when cataclysmic changes were being wrought in Indian life and customs.

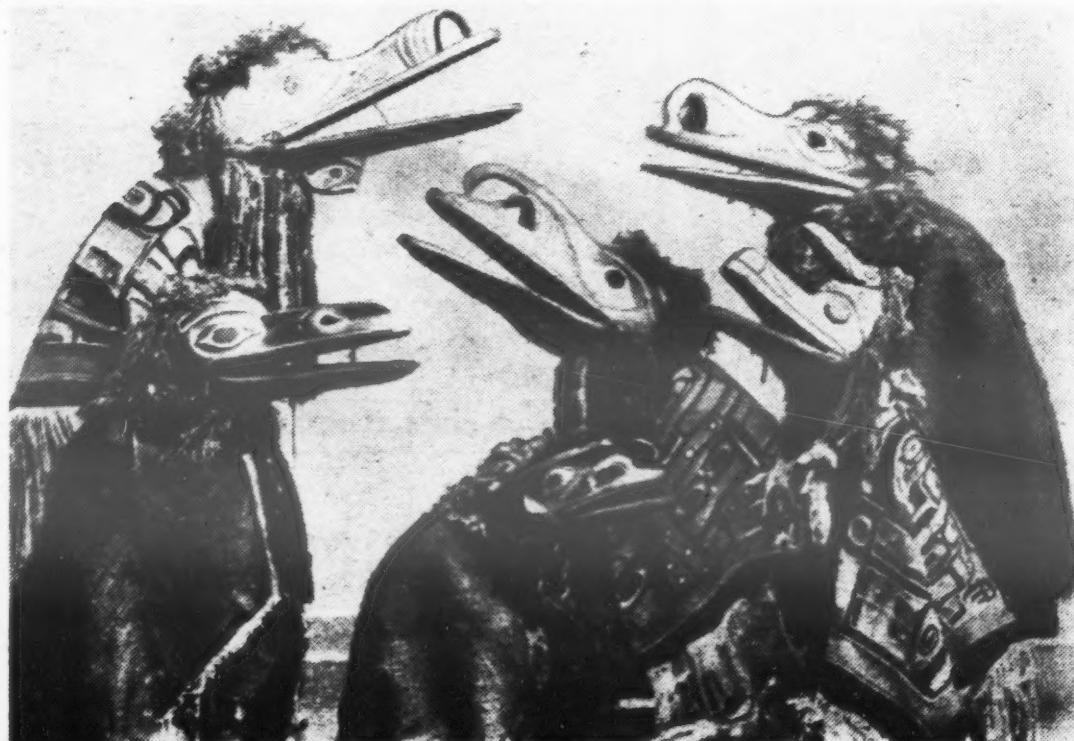
During these trying years, Mr. Scott proved a true friend of the native people, with deep understanding of their problems and ready sympathy in all their trials and misfortunes. That Cape Mudge has long been one of the most progressive Indian Villages on the Coast is due in no small measure to his kindly influence during the most critical period in the lives of the people.

No Clue to Past

The visitor to Cape Mudge today will find no clue to the past. It's a model village with a beautiful new day school and a very attractive church.

Billy Assu is the rock of the community in a spiritual sense. Ask the people at nearby Quathiaski Cove. They will say they have known him for 30, 40 or 50 years and have nothing but good to say of him. His honor is a sacred thing like his religion. He regards Rev. R. C. Scott, now living in retirement in Vancouver, as one of his dearest friends.

When Mrs. Scott died recently, the Chief left his fishing and came down to the city. He took part in the funeral service, and according to ancient tradition, delivered a touching funeral oration.



Kincolith Church Choir Elects 1952 Officers

Officers for this year were elected by the Kincolith Christ Church Choir as follows:

Superintendent of the Choir, Mr. Charles S. Barton; Lady Superintendent, Mrs. Emma Nelson; Lady Superintendent, Mrs. Mary Barton; Choir Master, Mr. John G. Moore; Organist, Mr. Fred Stewart; Treasurer, Mr. Arthur E. Nelson; Manager, Mr. Sidney Morrison; Music Keeper, Mr. Tony Robinson.

Kincolith Christ Church Choir Concert, Feb. 1, 1952 — Programme.

Chairman of the evening, Mr.

B.C. Natives Pay For Own Roads

The following letter appeared in a recent issue of the Vancouver Sun in reply to statements contained in a letter from a Mr. Bougden:

Editor, The Sun: Sir—I am a native and at present year the chief councillor of one of the largest Indian villages on the coast. I have no idea who Mr. Edmund J. Bougden is but he seems to think that he knows all the present-day problems concerning the Indian.

He states that "We pay for their roads." Not once has the government of B.C. or the Dominion ever paid for our road at Bella Bella. We built our own school here, the first one, so that our missionary friends could teach us.

Only recently has the government taken any real interest in the education of the native.

No community hall has ever been built by the government in any village.

All our community halls in this large village were built with funds raised locally.

Mr. Bougden must also remember that we are not treaty Indians in B.C., which means that our lands had never been surrendered in any way.

The coast natives are heavy income taxpayers and it would only be right if the government did build our roads. I recently read with disgust in your paper where our B.C. government was distributing the sales tax which they had collected.

Did you notice if there was a native village listed?

Where is your justice, Mr. Bougden? All our native people pay the 3 per cent tax to help the poor white people who are in need.

GEORGE N. WILSON,
Chief Councillor.

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Bella Coola News

By ANDY SCHOONER

Three of our boys, age 20-24, were caught with strong East Wind at Burke Channel and were believed drowned. There were six gillnet boats out to search for bodies and the wreckage of the boat. The remains of the boat was found but not a sign of the boys bodies. The searchers will be out again when the weather clears. These boys are James Mack, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samson Mack;

George Clallimen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathen Clallimen; David Cooper, son of Mr. William J. Cooper, all of Bella Coola.

NEW COUNCILLORS

New Councillors for two-year term were elected:

Albert Pootlass, Chief Councilor; Thomas Walkus, Alfred Mack; Gilbert Jacobs, Robert Andy.

Local Native Brotherhood at Bella Coola held election resulting in: President, Charlie Moody; Secretary, Andy Siwallace; Treasurer, Stephen Siwallace; Vice President, Thomas Walkus.

Continued Success

THE NATIVE VOICE:
Dear Friends,—

Please find enclosed my belated subscription. Many thanks for your magazine, and wishing you continued success.

Hope Gartlan,

Wants Tecumseh Story

THE NATIVE VOICE:
Dear Friends,—

I should like my subscription to start at once. I am anxiously waiting.

The reason I said start it with Sept. 1951 if possible was because I thought Mrs. Collins' articles started then and I didn't wish to start my subscription in the middle of it.

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Nanaimo Hospital Folk Enjoy Holiday Season

By BEATRICE SCOW

Nanaimo Indian Hospital

Twas during the month before Christmas when everyone felt and saw the need of preparations for one of the biggest events which is the remembrance of the birth of Jesus. This, too, affected us and I know we all wished we were home. Above all I would like to write what the others did for us.

The teachers were the first ones to get us busy by asking us to help color or paint some of the decorations. Before long they were decorating the windows of the sections of the wards and did it ever brighten the wards. Xmas cards from relatives and friends sure meant a lot to us. On the strings around the wards the patients hung all their colorful cards. Now to complete the decorations, the tree, which some of the men brought in and erected, two Christmas trees in each ward. The patients allowed to get up helped with the decorations of the trees. That done, any parcels for the patients were put under the trees. All our staff ran around in circles and worked to their finger bones to make it as Christmasy as possible for us naughty patients.

ENTERTAINERS, to these people who took all the trouble to come up will never know how much we appreciated and enjoyed it. In nearly all the wards there are three or more photographers whose cameras were kept busy flashing and clicking. The above snapshot is from Catherine Martin and for lack of space I would have sent in picture of each group. Well, here they are.

Dec. 16th — SALVATION ARMY BAND all dressed in their uniforms played carols outside. Even though most of us didn't see them, we thought it sounded very good. Dec. 20th — MR. DENNISON'S musical band composed of girls and boys. Their ages looked to be 10 to 16 years old. We certainly enjoyed listening to them as they played two or three Christmas carols.

Dec. 21st — MISS RUTH PEAT was around with about 5 cute Chinese girls who sang very sweetly "Silent Night, Holy Night." This "Sin Ming Sing" C.G.I.T. Group also contributed gifts for the patients.

Dec. 21st — SALVATION ARMY this time they came right in the wards and there were about 6 young men who were playing carols with their shiny trumpets.

Dec. 22nd — BAPTIST CHURCH CHOIR in the hallway were also very good as they sang a number of carols accompanied by an organ.

Dec. 23rd — DON McDONALD with Westernaires of Nanaimo station, CHUB, gave us quite a nice time. They sang and played westerns

and Christmas songs with their guitars, bass guitars, fiddle and accordian. Among them was Al Adison and another Reid McLeod.

Dec. 24th — KIWANIS CLUB, from there, about 10 jovial men were around the wards and they sang two or three carols and was also very much enjoyed.

Dec. 24th — SANTA our first Santa was giving each and all of us a bag of candy and saying Merry Christmas.

Dec. 25th — JERRY PULLAN and LEWIS MCLEOD from CHUB were around wishing us a Merry Christmas, and signing autographs.

Contributions by these people made it possible to have our trays laden with turkeys to cakes, and presents for all the patients.

1. Students of John Shaw High School — Cash donation, \$50.00.

2. Craigflower Women's Institute, Victoria — Oranges and Candy.

3. Busy Bee Group, Nanaimo — Toys and Gifts.

4. Mrs. W. Allen and Mrs. Albany, Victoria — Oranges, Candy.

5. Carpenters' Union, Nanaimo — Candies.

6. Mrs. H. F. Winkleman, Nanaimo — Candy House and Lavender sachets and dolls

7. Girl Guides and Brownies of Cedar Hill — Christmas Gifts.

8. W. H. Malkin Company, Nanaimo — Gifts.

9. Art Class, Junior High School Thomas Hodgson, Nanaimo — Puzzles, Toys.

10. Mr. and Mrs. Everett — Donation, \$1.00.

11. 1st Cumberland Girl Guides Co., Cumberland, Gifts.

12. Junior Division, Metropolitan Sunday School, Quadra St., Victoria — Toys, Books, etc.

13. Primary Dept., Metropolitan United Church School — Toys, etc.

14. Mrs. Patty Conklin, R.R. 6, Brantford, Ontario — 62 boxes candies.

15. Vancouver Presbytery Women's Association — Cash donation \$50.00, also toys.

16. Evening Circle, Sharon United Church, Murrayville — Gifts, Toys, etc.

17. Colwood Women's Institute, Colwood, B.C. — Toys, Gifts, etc.

18. Jareth Smith Evening Auxiliary of Victoria West United Church — Gifts.

19. The Silver Stars Group, Metropolitan Church, Victoria — Gifts.

WESTERNAIRES of radio station CHUB in Nanaimo, above, provided entertainment for the patients in Nanaimo Indian Hospital during the holiday season as reported by Beatrice Scow in the accompanying article.

20. 1st Brechin Brownie Pack, Nanaimo — Toys, etc.

21. Good Citizen Club, Nanaimo — Handkerchiefs, Holders, Needle cases, Comics.

22. Mr. Bill Rae, President CKNW — Gifts of all kinds, Toys, etc.

23. Mrs. John Moore, P.O. Box 235 Union Bay — Records for Children.

24. Guiders of the Canary Patrol, 4 East Victoria C. — Scrap Books, Cards.

25. Vancouver Pacific Paper Co., Ltd. — Candy.

26. CJOR Ltd., Vancouver — Records.

27. Mrs. B. Johnstone, 1923 East 7th Ave., Vancouver and girls — Gifts and Toys.

28. Lions Gate Council No. 4, Pythian Sunshine Girls, Vancouver — Gifts, Toys, etc.

29. Students, John Shaw High School — Toys, Christmas tree favors.

30. The Junior Explorer Group, Townsite, Britannia Beach — Toys.

CHRISTMAS DAY at last! We started the day at six in the morning. After we washed we listened to the broadcast of the greetings of people around the world which ended with the King's speech.

Santa, our most awaited man finally made an appearance before dinner and with the aid of some staff Santa distributed the presents which were ripped open twice as fast as when they were wrapped. Then we had our Xmas dinner which sure tasted swell and we really did get stuffed.

In the afternoon after rest period a lot of patients went to visit their relatives and friends in other wards. Christmas in all the wards was very much the same. Night put an end to our Chirstmas Day,



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Continued from Last Month

Tecumseh and the War of 1812

(Chapter 11, Continued)

BEFORE he was sixteen, Tecumseh participated in his first battle, near the present site of Dayton, Ohio. It is said that he fled in flight. A few months later he accompanied a party of warriors in an attack on a flat boat in which a party of settlers was descending the Ohio. The Indians were victorious and all of the settlers were killed, with the exception of one man who was held for torture in the customary Indian fashion. Tecumseh was so affected by this cruelty that he made use of all of his powers of eloquence in an effort to dissuade his tribe from such a cruel practice. Through his earnestness and persuasive oratory he was successful and it is said that from that day none of the prisoners taken by the Shawnees were subjected to the tortures of the stake. It seems remarkable that a youth of seventeen should be gifted with the eloquence to influence his tribe to the point where they would be persuaded to abolish such an old established custom.

In 1787, when Tecumseh was about nineteen years of age, he went with a small party of warriors, under the leadership of Cheeseekau, on an extended trip down the Mississippi and through the South. The object of this trip may have been part of the education of the young braves, or the party may have been moved simply by the love of adventure. The enterprise was undertaken in the customary Indian manner, a preliminary feast being given and medicine consulted. The party traveled as far south as the country of the Creeks and Cherokees. The Cherokees at that time were engaged in a war with the whites and the young braves joined forces with their hosts, who took this opportunity to plan an attack upon a small fort, the name of which seems not to have been recorded. Cheeseekau had a premonition of misfortune and announced that in the coming engagement he expected to be killed by a shot in the forehead. Nevertheless, he had the courage to lead the attack and his prophecy was fulfilled literally, as he fell mortally wounded by a shot between the eyes. With his last breath he expressed his satisfaction in having been permitted to die a warrior, on the field of battle, rather than like a squaw in the wigwam. His followers demoralized by the loss of their leader, were thrown into confusion and the garrison of the fort had no difficulty in repulsing the attack. The young Tecumseh was chosen to lead the party as the logical successor to his brother, and to avenge his loss he immediately organized an attack on a small white settlement, killing a number of men and

making the women and children prisoners.

IT was during this trip that Tecumseh, with about a dozen braves, was encamped on the Alabama River, when they were attacked by a party of thirty white men. All of the Indians had retired for the night with the exception of Tecumseh, who was dressing meat by the firelight when the attack was made. He aroused his companions with the war cry and they made such a determined resistance that they broke through the attacking party and after killing two white men, were able to reach their canoes and escape.

The wanderers returned north in the autumn of 1790, having been absent about three years. They returned just in time to assist in the repulse of General Harmar's punitive expedition. The purpose of such expeditions was not alone to kill Indians—which was considered a very commendable ambition under all circumstances—but to burn their villages, destroy their crops and harass them generally. Harmar had left Cincinnati with 320 regulars and Pennsylvania and Kentucky militia to the number of 1100. The Indians were too few in number to openly oppose their advance, yet they hung continually on their flanks. On the Miami, Harmar dispatched three detachments in pursuit of the Indians. One of these returned reporting success—72 Indians killed—which encouraged Harmar to send out another expedition. This was entirely unsuccessful. On the return to Cincinnati he attempted a surprise attack with a detachment of 400. But the Indian scouts had reported the movement in advance and of the 400, only a few reached Cincinnati, almost all of the officers being killed. Chiefs Blackhoof and Blue Jacket led the Shawnees, Little Turtle, the Miami and Roundhead, the Wyandottes in the attack upon Harmar's troops.

SEVEN tribes: the Miami, Hurons, Delawares, Shawnees, Chippewas, Ottawas and Pottawatomi, had refused to enter into treaties relinquishing their lands, and in the autumn of 1791 some fourteen hundred regulars and volunteers under the command of Major General Arthur St. Clair undertook another expedition against the Indians. The selection of St. Clair was not a fortunate one. He was stubborn, overbearing, unpopular with his men and inexperienced in frontier warfare.

This army marched cautiously toward the Wabash until by the first of November they had penetrated deep into the Indian country. On November 4th they were attacked by a party of Indians under Little Turtle and the Delaware chief, Buckongehelas. The Indians advanced, hiding behind trees, and although they were twice beaten back, in the end the militia was forced to retreat. The regulars, becoming confused, were cut off and destroyed. In this disaster St. Clair lost eight hundred men, while the Indians lost not more than ten. It is told that the mouths of the slain whites were filled with earth as a symbol of their hunger for land. It is also recorded that these early expeditions carried plentiful supplies of liquor and this may have been to some extent responsible for their lack of success. Tecumseh did not participate actively in this engagement. He was with

a party of Indians acting as scouts and was stationed at Nettle Creek when St. Clair's army passed.

THE following year, 1792, Tecumseh with a small party of Shawnee braves went on a buffalo hunting expedition with the Mandans of southern Illinois. This adventure resulted seriously for Tecumseh as he was thrown from his horse, breaking his thigh bone. One biographer claims that both thighs were broken but this is denied by others. Tecumseh was many months recovering. While some historians say that he walked with a slight limp until the day of his death, others maintain that his legs were straight and that he had a light, elastic step.

During this year Tecumseh also took part in several skirmishes in which Simon Kenton attempted to recover some horses which had been stolen by the Indians.

(To be Continued)



NEWELL E. COLLINS

'At Least Can Go Down Singing Own Death Song'

By H. O. WALTERMEYER

There are no more smoke signals to watch for in the sky but there are other ways the Red Man can send his messages to those he wishes to let know

I received one such letter the other day. This one contained its amount of happiness and so I was pleased no end. You see, as I mentioned before, the Standing Rock Sioux of North Dakota were having trouble with the Indian commissioner as well as the government on whom they should hire as their lawyer and just how much they should pay him.

The man they had contracted for, was turned down by the Indian commissioner, his reason being that the salary the Sioux wished to pay him was too high. This was not right because the Indians were only paying him the amount they thought was fair in accordance to the amount of work involved. He had done previous work for them to the satisfaction of all concerned, and now they wanted him again.

In short, the delegation they sent to Washington was given the run around, until finally through the all out effort of their friends and themselves, they succeeded in winning their rights, and now they at least have their own legal counsel, who they know will work for them instead of against them.

All this added up brings but one question to my mind, and that is this: Are the Indian People of this country always to be treated as a minority in what ever they do, no matter if it be freedom of speech, press, religion, or land? I say this with thousands of other whites, that it is unjustified and un-American. We must put a stop to it, before it undermines the whole de-

mocratic way of life. Who knows today it is our Red brothers, tomorrow it may be us.

These and others are the pitfalls that have faced our Indians since the first white man set foot on this continent. Why is it being done? Who knows, unless it is the men at the head of our government who by selfishness and greed hope that in the end the Indian, so confused and bewildered by it all will not have enough to fight, and so will become an easy subject for them to do with as they see fit.

Injustices such as these, should be corrected before they get out of hand. So let all of us who love freedom keep a sharp lookout for anything that does not sound democratic, and immediately do something about it.

We have proof that these people sent to Washington were laughed at and humiliated at every government office they stopped at. Did they not have the right to ask help and service of a government pledged to help them through vote of the people, and most of all through past treaties? Yes, our government officials should feel pretty pretty small when this is brought to the attention of the public, as it surely will.

But as I mentioned before, this letter had a happy ending and justice triumphed, for the Sioux now have their own lawyer, and they can at least go down in defeat singing their own death song, and not one forced on them by the Government.

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Indian Patients Pay Tribute to Dr. Simes

(ED. NOTE: Dr. Austin Bryce Simes, medical supervisor of Indian health services in Saskatchewan, died Feb. 6 at Fort Qu'Appelle and the tribute that follows was written by Marcella Rope and Mrs. Nellie O'Watch on behalf of the doctor's patients in the Indian hospital at Fort Qu'Appelle.)

We, the patients of the Indian hospital at Fort Qu'Appelle, have just spent one of the saddest days of our stay here in this hospital. Today, February 6, 1952, our hearts are heavy and bereaved

because of the death of two great and good men.

This morning the news of our great sovereign, King George VI. The other is our dear and beloved doctor, Dr. A. B. Simes, who in our hearts was great and good.

This morning the news of the death of our King came with shock and disbelief. A few hours later we lost our doctor.

Today, we, the Indian patients, mourn with his family, the loss of a great doctor and a friend of the Saskatchewan Indians.

The late Dr. Simes was a kind and devoted doctor and gave his time and energy to the welfare of all the Indian people, the past few years in spite of ill health he chose to stand by us to the end.

We had a lot of faith in our doctor, in sickness he was understanding and encouraging, in our personal difficulties he was like a father, always there to reassure us. He did what he possibly could and did not ever let us down.

We are writing this to show our appreciation and gratitude for all he has done for us, also to show how much we miss and grieve him.

We also grieve for our King. We have great loyalty for the royal family. The Indian people will always stand loyal to the new Queen, just as they did to her father the King.

We pray that God will give our beloved one everlasting rest and peace.

The night has fallen on our day of sorrow. We will never forget our loving doctor, nor will we forget our beloved King.

H. V. S. PAGE

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Why The Baby Says "Goo"

(Micmac)

By (MRS) CLARA HOPPER

When Glooscap came to call one day
Upon an Indian woman,
He told off like a string of beads
The tale of all his mighty deeds,
With swelling chest, as vain and gay
As though he had been human:

"I've conquered cannibals and giants,
Met fiends and goblins with defiance;
I've beaten sorcerers; I fight
The wicked spirits of the night;
I fear no foe beneath the sky,
There's none I cannot conquer! I . . ."

The woman listened for a while
And then, with just the faintest smile,

"Indeed?" she said politely,
"But I know one you cannot rule."

Incredulous, but keeping cool,
"Who's that?" he answered lightly.
She pointed downward to the mat
On which her sun-brown baby sat
And sucked, in very sticky style,
A small, brown maple sugar pat.

"Oh ho," cried Glooscap, merry-eyed,
And beamed upon it like the sun,
"Come here to me, my little one,"

And held his hands out. Sweetly
The baby smiled—but never stirred.
Then Glooscap warbled like a bird.
The baby paid no heed at all
But sucked its maple sugar ball,

Ignoring him completely—
Around its dark fat wrist a wrinkle,
And in its mother's eye, a twinkle.

Great Glooscap stormed in righteous rage—
Disdained—and by an infant!
With angry scowl and threatening voice
He ordered sternly, "You've no choice,
Come crawling here this instant!"

The baby burst into a howl
Far worse than wolves upon the prowl,
As you may rightly judge;
For Glooscap's thunderous tones were drowned
In that wild waterfall of sound.
The shouting god grew hoarse but found
The baby would not budge.

Again great Glooscap's fury rose:
He pranced around upon his toes,
He called dark magic to his aid,
And spells to make the child afraid;
He waved his arms and wrung his hands,
He issued many loud commands;
He uttered fearful recitations
And muttered awesome incantations.

The baby thought it was a game,
Smiled faintly, looked a trifle bored,
Then, as the time was getting on,
Without the smallest hint of shame
Refreshed itself with one wide yawn.
At this, the last humiliation
The god could bear, in desperation,
Glooscap, without more ado,
Rushed to the door: as he went through,
The baby laughed and crowed, "Goo, goo!"

And when a babe says "Goo" today
It's thinking, so the Indians say,
Of how it brought the mighty low
By conquering Glooscap long ago.

No Indians Among Drunks

Vancouver's police department was treated to a happy surprise over a weekend late last year.

The weekend being a double celebration, the first in history Indians could drink beer in the open and the first in seven weeks local pubs had their doors open, had police officers expecting the worst.

But the weekend number of drunks was only slightly higher than usual, and not a single Indian graced the city jail, which must prove something.

Alert Bay Waters Claim Gilford Island Fisherman

About half an hour after midnight on February 1, a loud splash attracted the attention of Sonny Kamano in his gillnet boat tied at the Home Oil dock at Alert Bay. Jumping up, he was just in time to see a figure in a checkered mackinaw disappear into the water from the fender log in front of the dock, according to a report in the Pioneer Journal of Alert Bay.

Lazell Charlie Wins New Post

A large meeting was held by the Native Indians of the Babine District resulting in the election of Lazell Charlie, former District Vice-president of the Native Brotherhood of B.C. to Vice-President of the Liberal Association of Burns Lake.

Chief Dominic West, a successful cattleman of Fort Babine was again elected Chief of Babine District.

Paddy Leon, taxi driver and big game guide, was elected to act as assistant Chief of Babine district.

Chief Dominic West will be remembered by those that attended the twenty-first annual convention of the Native Brotherhood held at Bella Bella, B.C. The Chief on that occasion made the trip from Fort Babine by dog team and canoe in order to get to the railway station and travelled by train to Prince Rupert, thence by Union Steamship to Bella Bella.

The message that was entrusted to him by his loyal people was placed before the Convention for serious consideration. This question was that Aged Allowance be given to aged Indians at 65 years instead of 70 years, under a means test. This question was taken up by the Native Brotherhood and placed before the proper authorities, resulting in one of the greatest gains made by a delegate from the interior. This request has been carried out.

We hope to see another delegation from the Babine District.

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Indian Life In Canada Presented By New Club

By ANNE MERRILL

"Wings in the Wind"

A colorful chapter was written into Canadian history the other evening (while a remarkable "Blue Moon" swung low in the western sky) when the newly formed Toronto Indian Club gave a splendid display in the auditorium of the Central YMCA, presenting "Indian Life in Canada."

Big White Owl of the Delaware Indians, president of the club, was chairman, garbed in full native regalia which included a handsome beaded breastplate which dated back over a hundred years and once belonged to the renowned Chief John Wampum. There was some of the original sewing on the breastplate, Big White Owl pointed out proudly, "done in sinew — no ordinary thread," he assured us.

But our interest was mainly in the beautiful Eagle plumes on his headdress and I queried White Owl about this. It was very old, too, and contained 36 flight feathers.

Was it true (as I had read somewhere) that each Eagle plume worn by a "Brave" signified an enemy slain in single combat? This was true, White Owl explained, of the war bonnet. But the one he had on was merely a ceremonial bonnet.

The Indians (North American Indians) revered the EAGLE for its great strength and courage. Thus a chief who had proven himself to be endowed with these high qualities was permitted to wear Eagle feathers either as a war bonnet or for ceremonial occasions.

Big White Owl, in private life, is Mr. Jasper Hill of Toronto, who has been working with The Canadian Red Cross Society for the past 10 years. Mr. Hill is also Eastern Associate Editor of THE NATIVE VOICE, an excellent journal devoted to the interests of North American Indians, and published in Vancouver, B.C.

A delightful speaker at the Indian Club was Chief Charles L. Big Canoe of the Ojibways, Georgina Island, Lake Simcoe, Ont. (Magistrate O. M. Martin, a Mohawk was unable to be present.)



BIG WHITE OWL
Eastern Associate Editor

The tableaus were splendid, introducing members of the Legion Frontiersmen, Boy Scouts and few cubs. Indian girls, in costume with headbands and a single feather, were most attractive ushers.

Perfectly charming was the Mohawk maiden (Mary Rose Kneller) also in costume, who interpreted with infinite grace and musical accompaniment, "God be with you till we meet again," in Indian sign language. This, the chairman explained, was the universal language of western tribes who had used it to communicate, at quite long distances, with other tribes speaking different languages.

—Toronto Globe & Mail

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